

To the WORSHIPFUL
ROBERT TRASLER, Esq;
Mayor,
The ALDERMEN, BAILIFFS, BURGESSES,
AND THE REST OF THE
Worthy INHABITANTS of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,
This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY
Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,
Richard Claridge.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints*, in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *December* 1776, to the 21st Day of *December* 1777; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 5) buried from the *County-Infirmery*; the New Chapel in *King's-Head Lane*, 3; and also those buried at the *Quakers Burying-Ground* 4; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 3; the Meeting on the *Green* 3.

D I S E A S E S.											
Abortive and Stillborn	4	Convulsions	1	Dropsy	15	Inflammation	1	Palsy	0		
Aged	10	Consumptions	22	Drowned	0	Lethargy	0	Small-Pox	67		
Asthma	2	Chincough	2	Fevers	17	Lock'd Jaw	0	Suddenly	0		
Abscess	0	Childbed	1	Fistula	0	Measles	0	Teeth	2		
Apoplexy	1	Croop	0	Fits	10	Mortification	2	Thrush	0		

W H E R E O F H A V E D I E D,											
Under Two Years old	44	Ten and Twenty	6	Forty and Fifty	9	Seventy and Eighty	7				
Between Two and Five	28	Twenty and Thirty	12	Fifty and Sixty	10	Eighty and Ninety	2				
Five and Ten	15	Thirty and Forty	9	Sixty and Seventy	10	Ninety and an Hundred	1				

CHRISTENED.				BURIED.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.
ALL-SAINTS. - -	62	54	116	75	77	152
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	15	25	40	34	32	66
St. GILES'S. - -	12	18	30	28	18	46
St. PETER'S. - -	3	5	8	7	11	18
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish - - -				7	6	13
In the whole Town.	92	102	184	151	144	295
	Increased	- -	1	Increased	- -	147

N. B. Buried of the Small-Pox---*All-Saints* Parish, 67---*St. Sepulchre's*, 35---*St. Giles's*, 17---*St. Peter's*, 10---The Meeting in *St. Peter's* Parish, 4---Total, in the whole Town, 133.
After a diligent Enquiry thro' the whole four Parishes, made at the Request of Mr. MAYOR, there were found only seven Persons remaining ill of the Small-Pox, immediately before *St. Thomas's* Day.

Eheu! fugaces Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur Anni.

THE Circle's fill'd: This Day another Round
Of our appointed Date has clos'd it's Orb:
Yet still we're here; WE, for so is Heav'n's Will,
Among the Living are, not yet gone down
In Silence to the Grave, and that dark Land
Where all Things lie forgot:--But not SO long--
Adam, with all his numerous Progeny,
Must rise, and at the dread Tribunal meet;
Prompt, joyful some; yet more with Fear and
Shame,
At the Great Judgment-Day; when the last Trump
Our slumb'ring Atoms calls, that once again
The Body form, ne'er to be more disjoin'd.
Think, oh! think! how many of our Friends
are gone
Whilst the revolving Year did run it's Course.
Who hath not lost some dearer than himself?
Or Wife, or Child, or Parent much rever'd,
Swept by the Stroke of Death? whose Scythe im-
mense [Poor,
Cuts down the Young, the Old, the Rich, the
And levels all in undistinguish'd Heaps.
To next Year's Tale both you and I may add.
Life's fleeting Breath is vain: Death only sure.
Let's then be wise: Let's shew our prudent Choice,
By turning into Virtue's Road, best Path,
Where with fair Hope we safely gain the Goal.

The World is false: Before, behind, on this,
On th' other Side, Temptation casts her Bait;
Beware! oh shun her treach'rous Lure; like Hell
Retentive she will hold, if once she takes;
Strike grimly pleas'd, and with fell Hate destroy.
Satan goes round each City, Village, House,
Stalks, like the roaring Monarch of the Wood,
Then looks and tries what Prey he can devour.
In Court, in Camp, in solitary Field,
All die that come within his cruel Net:
No Pity HE, no Sorrow feels, but all,
All, who will listen to his lying Voice,
Drags with himself into the darksome Deep,
For endless Ages there to be confin'd.
Scripture's blest'd Page reveals his cursed Wiles,
His subtle Arts unfolds, and points the Way
Or to avoid or conquer all his Force.
Read, mark, with deep Attention scan each Line;
Then pray for GRACE to follow God's Commands.
Comes HE with Craft to sooth? as once the
great
Redeemer of Mankind he tried---GO,
Satan, let's with our high Exemplar say,
GO, get thee hence, and worship GOD ALONE,
To whom Alone all Adoration's due:

HOR.

Does HE, with Violence fierce and open Jaws,
Approach to slay? we fly to Thee, to Thee,
Oh Son of GOD! under thy Feathers safe
Will be our Refuge: Thy o'erspreading Wings
Shall from the gath'ring Storms protect our Souls.
Let us our Parts fulfil---whether this Air
Be longer granted US to draw, or if
GOD's Word be pleas'd to call, his WILL be
done.
Whene'er the awful Summons is, may WE
Oh! may WE ready be, our Lamps in Hand,
Our Loins girt up to do our Master's Will,
And fit to enter to the Marriage Feast:
T' accompany there with Martyrs, Fathers, Men
Of Worth and best Account, who've pass'd their
Time
On Earth in weary Pilgrimage; but NOW
Sing Hallelujahs in full Choirs above,
Sav'd by the precious Blood of CHRIST most
pure.
With Thee and These, oh! grant us, gracious
To dwell! This Kingdom hasten then: No more
Let Sin her Empire hold on Earth: Turn ALL,
Turn ev'ry Soul to Thee: And close this Scene,
This wretched Scene, of Vanity and Human
WOE. W. P.